uerso, the Hay.

Ben. The what?

Mer. The Pox of such antique lisping affecting phantacies, these new tuners of accent: by Iesu a very good blade, a very tall man, a very good whore. Why is not this a lamentable thing grandsir, that we should be thus afflicted with these strange flies: these fashion mongers, these pardon mees, who stand so much on the new forme, that they can not sit at ease on the old bench. O their bones, their bones.

Enter Romeo.

Ben. Here comes *Romeo*, here comes *Romeo*.

Mer. Without his Roe, like a dryed Hering, O flesh, flesh, how art thou fishified? now is he for the nũbers that Petrarch flowed in: *Laura* to his Lady, was a kitchin wench, marrie she had a better loue to berime her: Dido a dowdie, Cleopatra a Gipsie, *Hellen* and *Hero*, hildings and harlots: *Thisbie* a grey eie or so, but not to the purpose. Signior *Romeo Bon ieur*, theres a French salutation to your french slop: you gaue vs the counterfeit fairely last night.

Rom. Good morrow to you both, what counterfeit did I giue you?

Mer. The slip sir, the slip, can you not conceiue?

Romeo. Pardon good *Mercutio.*, my businesse was great, and in such a case as mine, a man may straine curtesie.

Mer. Thats as much as to say, such a case as yours constrains a man to bow in the hams.

Romeo. Meaning to curtsie.

Mer. Thou hast most kindly hit it.

Rom. A most curteous exposition.

Mer. Nay I am the very pincke of curtesie.

Romeo. pinck for flower.

Mer. Right.

Rom. VVhy then is my pump well flowerd.

Mer. Sure wit, follow me this ieast, now till thou hast worne out thy pump, that when the single sole of it is worne, the ieast may remaine after the wearing, sole singular.

Ro. O

Ro. O single soldo ieast, soly singular for the singlenesse.

Mer. Come betweene vs good *Benuolio*, my wits faints.

Ro. Swits and spurs, swits and spurs, or ile crie a match.

Mer. Nay, if our wits run the wild goose chase, I am done: For thou hast more of the wild goose in one of thy wits, then I am sure I haue in my whole sine. VVas I with you there for the goose?

Ro. Thou wast neuer with mee for any thing, when thou wast not there for the goose.

Mer. I will bite thee by the eare for that ieast.

Ro. Nay good goose bite not.

Mer. Thy wit is a very bitter sweting, it is a most sharp sawce.

Ro. And is it not well seru'd in to a sweet goose?

Mer. Oh here's a wit of Cheuerell, that stretches from an ynch narrow, to an ell broad.

Ro. I stretch it out for that word, broad, which added to the goose, proues thee farre and wide, a broad goose.

Mer. VVhy is not this better now, then groning for loue, now art thou sociable, now art thou *Romeo*: now art thou what thou art, by art as well as by nature, for this driueling loue is like a great Naturall, that runs lolling vp and downe to hide his bable in a hole.

Ben. Stop there, stop there.

Mer. Thou desirest me to stop in my tale against the haire.

Ben. Thou wouldst else haue made thy tale large.

Mer. O thou art deceiu'd, I would haue made it short, for I was come to the whole depth of my tale, and meant indeed to occupie the argument no longer.

Ro. Heres goodly geare. *Enter Nurse and her man.*

A sayle, a sayle.

Mer. Two, two, a shirt and a smocke.

Nur. *Peter*?

Peter. Anon.

Nur. My fan *Peter*.

Mer. Good *Peter* to hide her face, for her fans the fairer face.

Nurs. God ye good morrow Gentlemen.

 Mer. God

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